image
SEX CRIMINALS
HARVEY AWARD-WINNING HUMORIST
CHIP ZDARSKY
AND CHUMS
13
BACE

PREVIOUSLY IN

SEX CRIMINALS

go buy issue 12 you cheap piece of shit

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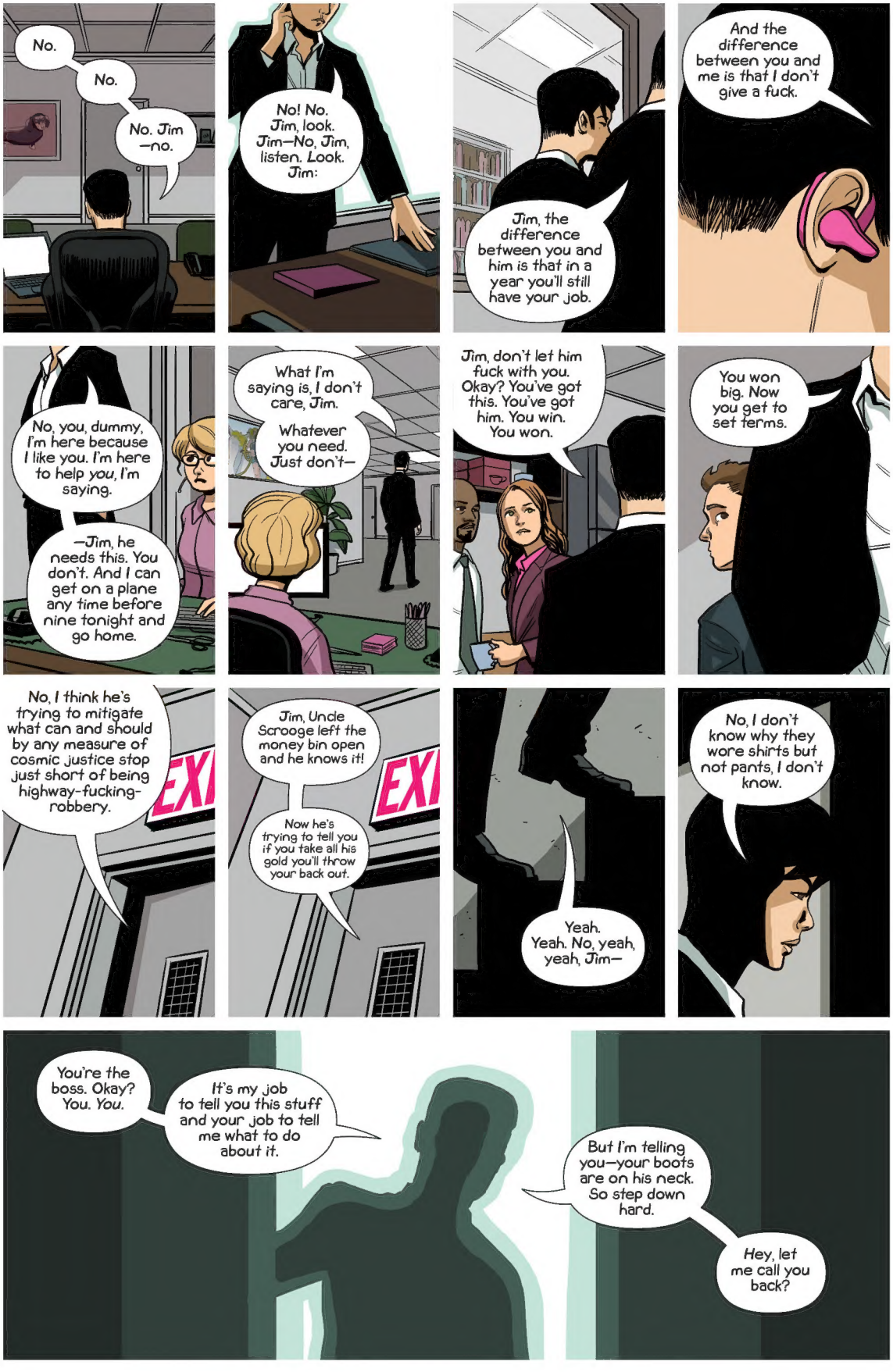
This book is dedicated to polybags, the poor man's condom.


No.
No.
No. Jim —no.
No! No. Jim, look. Jim—No, Jim, listen. Look. Jim:
Jim, the difference between you and him is that in a year you'll still have your job.
And the difference between you and me is that I don't give a fuck.
No, you, dummy, I'm here because I like you. I'm here to help *you*, I'm saying.
—Jim, he needs this. You don't. And I can get on a plane any time before nine tonight and go home.
What I'm saying is, I don't care, Jim.
Whatever you need. Just don't—
Jim, don't let him fuck with you. Okay? You've got this. You've got him. You win. You won.
You won big. Now you get to set terms.
No, I think he's trying to mitigate what can and should by any measure of cosmic justice stop just short of being highway-fucking-robbery.
Jim, Uncle Scrooge left the money bin open and he knows it!
Now he's trying to tell you if you take all his gold you'll throw your back out.
Yeah. Yeah. No, yeah, yeah, Jim—
No, I don't know why they wore shirts but not pants, I don't know.
You're the boss. Okay? You. *You.*
It's my job to tell you this stuff and your job to tell me what to do about it.
But I'm telling you—your boots are on his neck. So step down hard.
Hey, let me call you back?

I got a thing.
Don't judge me.

When I was a kid...

...When I was a kid I thought I was from outer space.

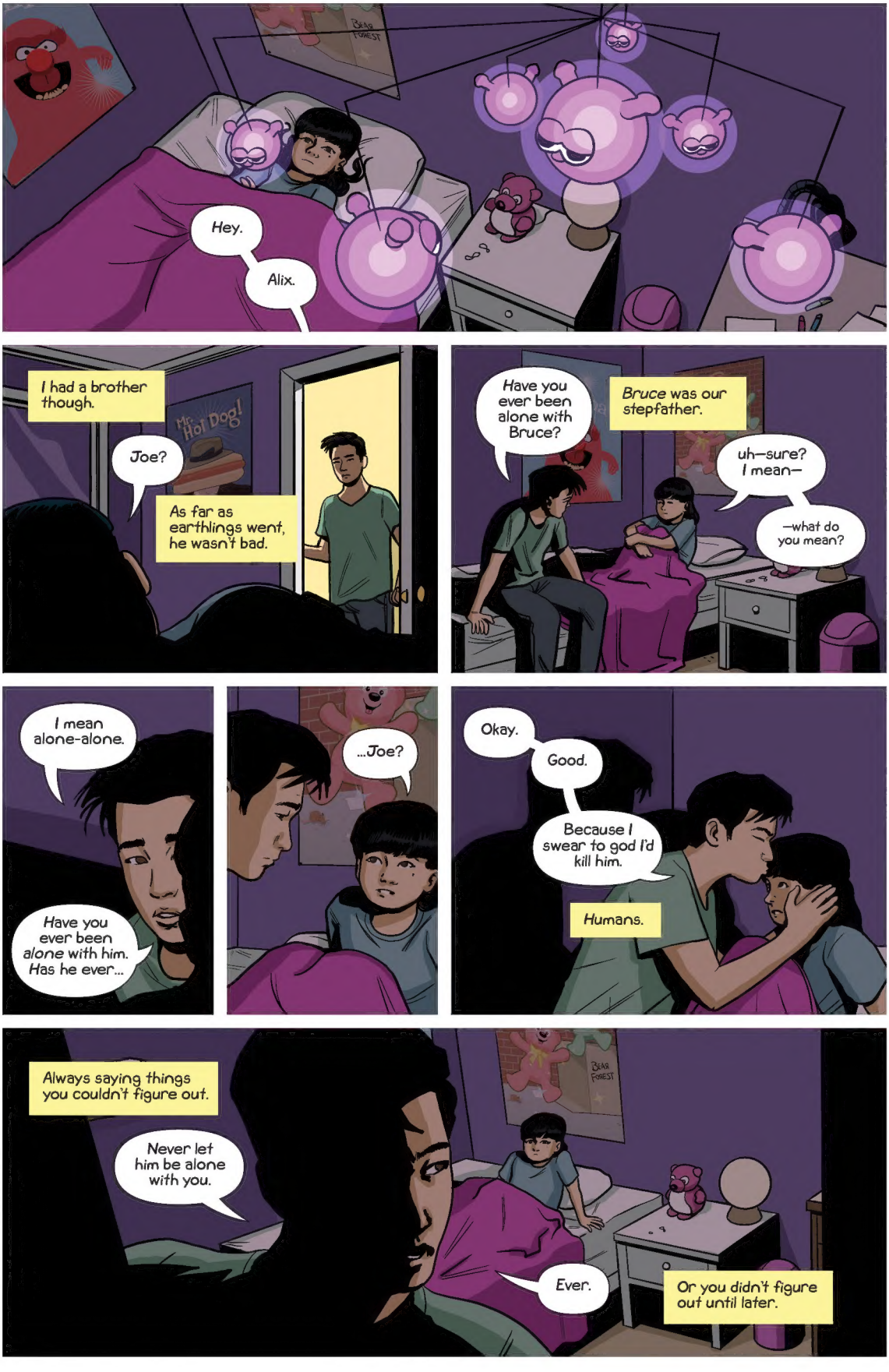
I'd lie in my backyard and wait for my real parents to come get me.

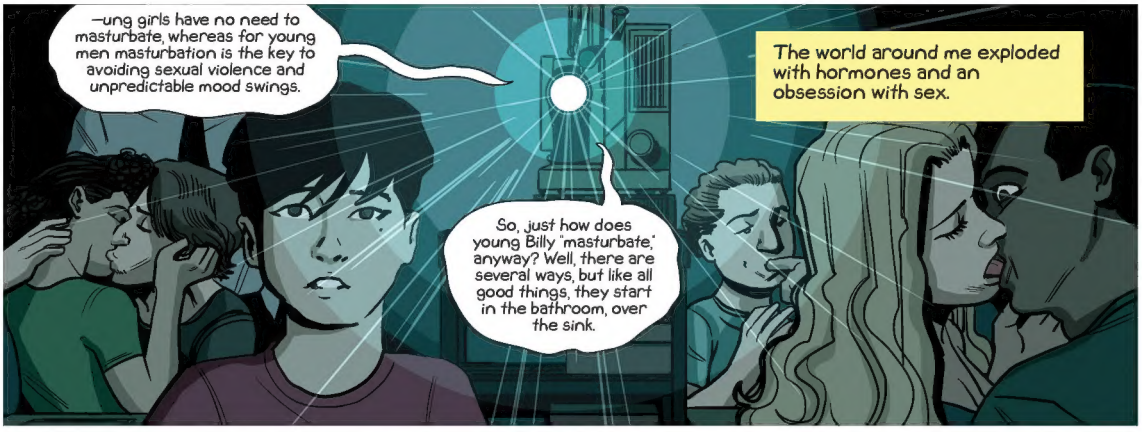
I was sure those stars were winking at me. I was sure they were my real home.

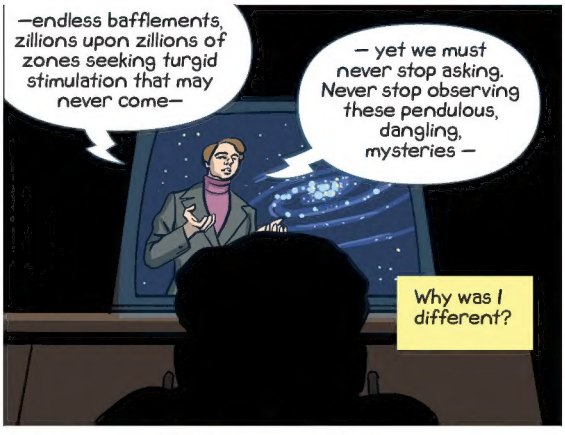
Cassiopeia. Betelgeuse. Triangulum.

Which star are *you* from?

Well, it turns out our billions and billions of cosmic neighbors came from the same place we did.
All of us — all of the things in the universe —
— we all started together, at the very start of time, crushed into infinite density and heat violently unleashed by cosmic forces that beggar understanding —
— in what we call the Big Bang —
I wasn't though, of course. I was just like anyone else.
Except I wasn't.
—violently unleashed in an instant—
—in the first instant—
—as sublime, inconceivably cosmic forces—
—ejaculated reality as we know it across the bare skin-fabric that was virgin spacetime—
Do you ever get the feeling you're from outer space?
Mine never went away.

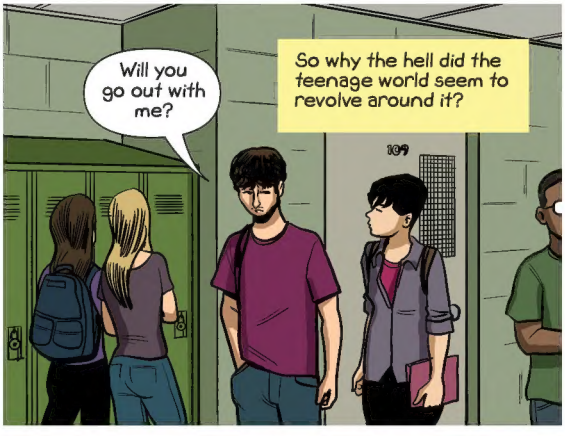

Hey.
Alix.
I had a brother though.
Joe?
As far as earthlings went, he wasn't bad.
Have you ever been alone with Bruce?
Bruce was our stepfather.
uh—sure? I mean—
—what do you mean?
I mean alone-alone.
Have you ever been alone with him. Has he ever...
...Joe?
Okay.
Good.
Because I swear to god I'd kill him.
Humans.
Always saying things you couldn't figure out.
Never let him be alone with you.
Ever.
Or you didn't figure out until later.


—ung girls have no need to masturbate, whereas for young men masturbation is the key to avoiding sexual violence and unpredictable mood swings.
So, just how does young Billy "masturbate," anyway? Well, there are several ways, but like all good things, they start in the bathroom, over the sink.
The world around me exploded with hormones and an obsession with sex.


—endless bafflements, zillions upon zillions of zones seeking turgid stimulation that may never come—
— yet we must never stop asking. Never stop observing these pendulous, dangling, mysteries —
Why was I different?

I applied the scientific method to the mystery that was me.

I didn't want it. I didn't like it. It didn't motivate me.


Will you go out with me?
So why the hell did the teenage world seem to revolve around it?
109

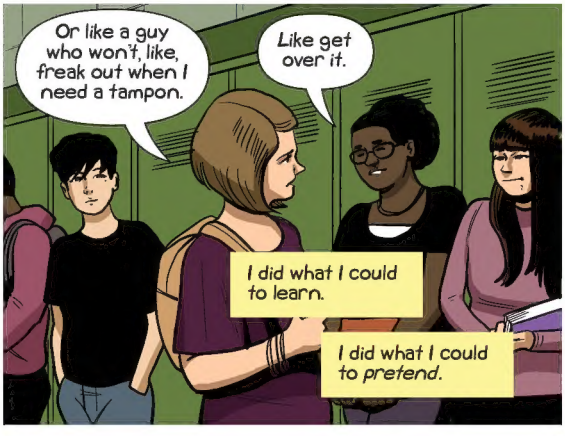
Uh.
Okay?

"Try it and you may, I say," said Sam-I-Am.

"Fake it 'til you make it," as the bumper sticker on Bruce's car said.
So I faked it.

I infiltrated the humans and studied them.
I tried my best to emulate them.
BOWIE BRIDGES
But too many things could go wrong.
ALIX DON'T BE SUCH A GODDAMN CHICKEN!
Bok Bok
She is *such* an embarrassment to the scene.
Joe accused me of being scared.
Jason accused me of being *sad* and scared.
It wasn't that.
I mean, I was sad, but that's not why I didn't want his hands in my pants.

I just want to find, like, a girl who likes eating hot dogs with me.
And D&D.
Everything was weird then.
Everything was always weird, but then it was more weird.


Or like a guy who won't, like, freak out when I need a tampon.
Like get over it.
I did what I could to learn.
I did what I could to *pretend*.

Or, like, a guy who will just, like, take a dump on my thigh and then cuddle, you know? Like, I'm not blowing you tonight.
It didn't work.

Sex wasn't the mystery.
—Nng fuck nnnng I'm gonna *fuck* that hip nnnGG—
The mystery was, why was everyone but me so crazy about it?

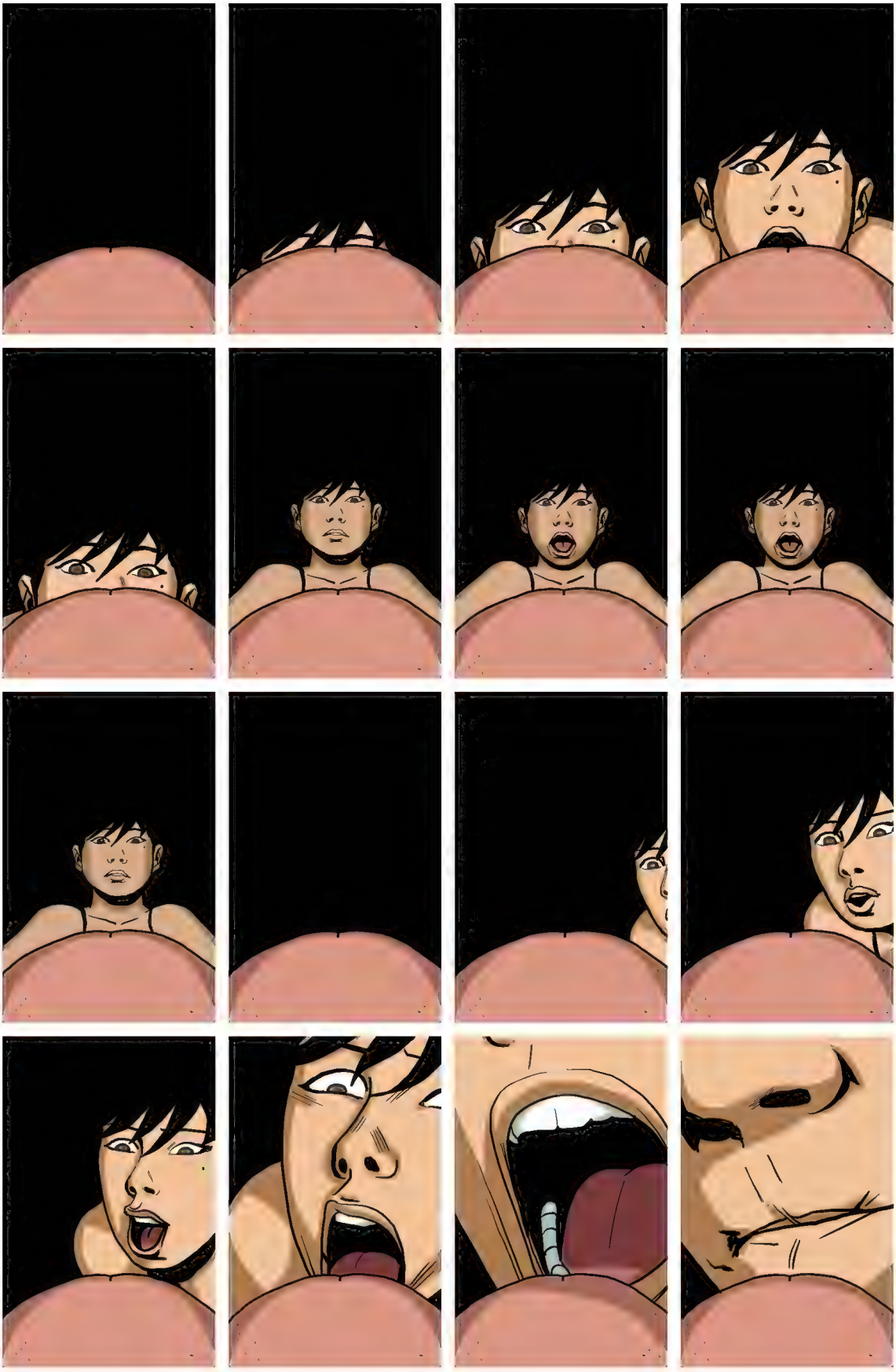
BOWIE BRIDGES
I was *scared* and I was *sad* and I don't care what they said, Joe made that jump a million goddamn times.
I don't think it was an accident.

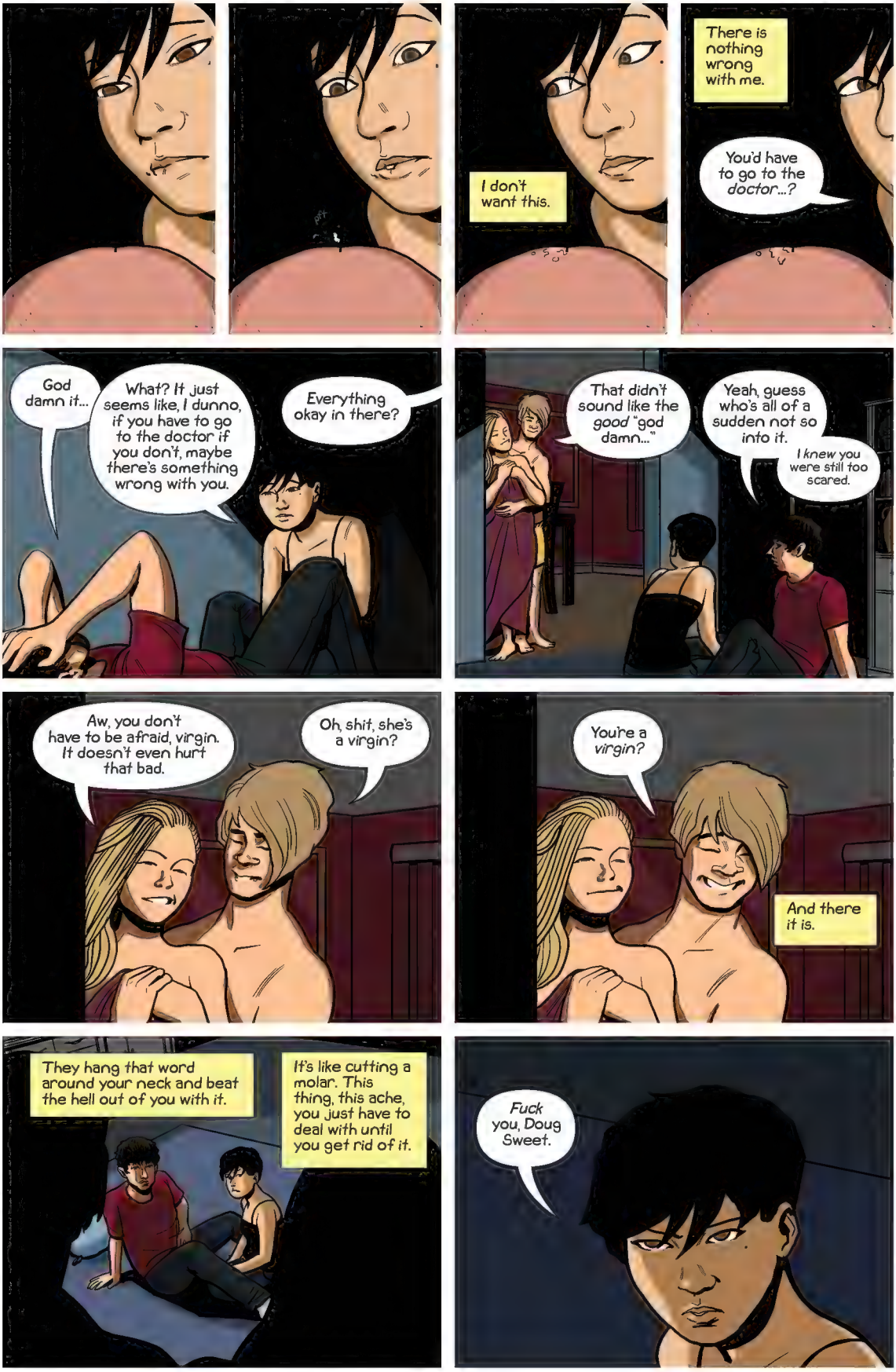
When I think about Joe's life and what he'd been through?
I don't think there was anything accidental at all.
I think –
What is wrong with me?
–and when you've plugged your finger into every hole in the logic–
–tasted every answer and swallowed them hard–
– then you know you've found the truth.
Drink deep, young friends, for suckling upon its teat is glorious.

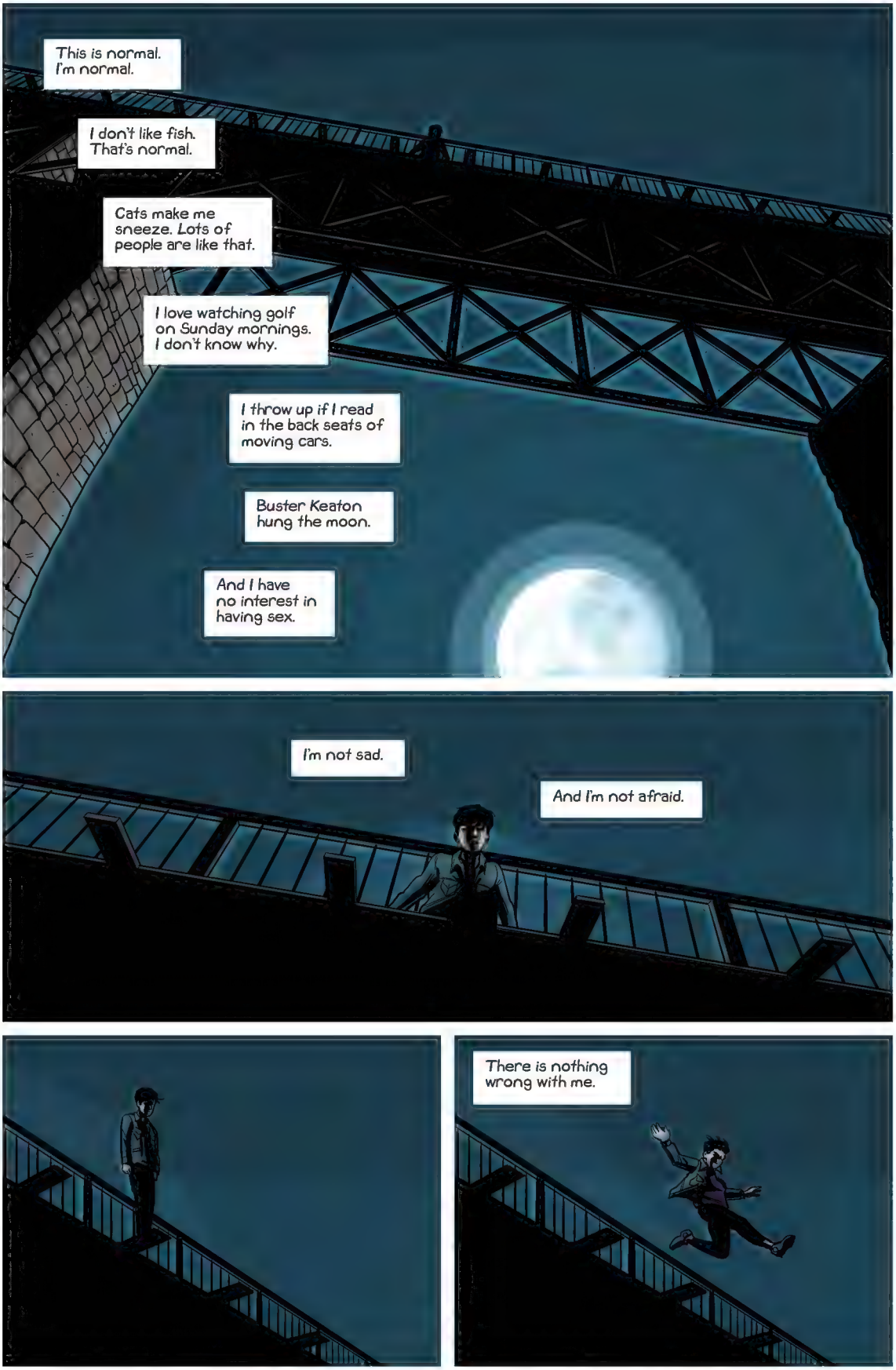
And then...
...Then I knew.
There is nothing wrong with me.

I think—
—I think I don't want to do this.
I don't want to do this.
C'mon, not again—
—you don't have to be scared—
Fucking Jason.
—I mean—
—why else did you want to come here, Alix?
That's just it.
I didn't *want* to come to this stupid party.
Stupid Doug Sweet and his stupid big nice house.
Stupid guys and stupid girls touching each others' stupid junk—
I came here because it was expected. Because that's what you do when you "date" somebody and you're in high school.
You go to stupid Doug Sweet's house and you touch junks because his parents are at Atlantic Beach for the weekend.

I don't know.
I'm sorry.
GGGAAAWWWWD.
You know this could seriously, like, cause health problems, right?
I might have to go to the *doctor* if you keep doing this to me.
You can at least suck it.
Seriously. You have no idea how much it hurts a guy when they don't get to.
I just want to be normal.
Is this normal?
This is normal. I'm normal.
Make-out parties are normal.
Hooking up and making out is normal.
There is nothing wrong with me.
There's nothing wrong with *this*.
Blowing your boyfriend is normal.
I don't want this.

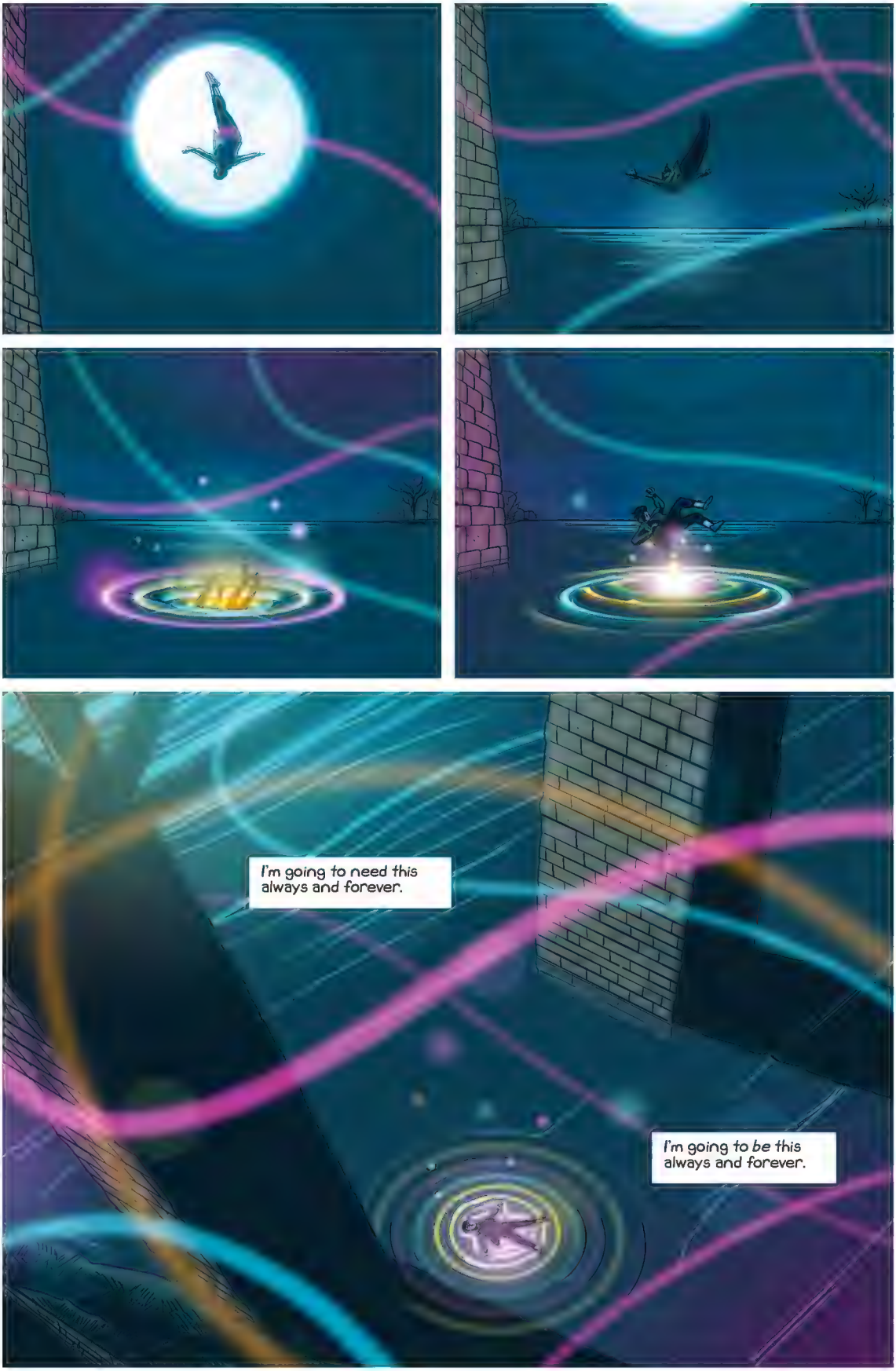



I don't want this.
There is nothing wrong with me.
You'd have to go to the doctor...?
God damn it...
What? It just seems like, I dunno, if you have to go to the doctor if you don't, maybe there's something wrong with you.
Everything okay in there?
That didn't sound like the good "god damn..."
Yeah, guess who's all of a sudden not so into it.
I knew you were still too scared.
Aw, you don't have to be afraid, virgin. It doesn't even hurt that bad.
Oh, shit, she's a virgin?
You're a virgin?
And there it is.
They hang that word around your neck and beat the hell out of you with it.
It's like cutting a molar. This thing, this ache, you just have to deal with until you get rid of it.
Fuck you, Doug Sweet.


This is normal. I'm normal.
I don't like fish. That's normal.
Cats make me sneeze. Lots of people are like that.
I love watching golf on Sunday mornings. I don't know why.
I throw up if I read in the back seats of moving cars.
Buster Keaton hung the moon.
And I have no interest in having sex.
I'm not sad.
And I'm not afraid.
There is nothing wrong with me.

MEANWHILE:
Shot $1
Thimble $2
Mouthful $3
Cup $4
Mug $5
Bunch $6
Bundle $7
Pie Chunks
Brownies
Bagels
Donuts
Skinny Mu
Secretly Coffee
"Tea"
Mr. Tea
Leaves I Guess
English Lunch
Earl Grey-Grey
What if we—
...
...weeeee...
—nah, that's fucking stupid, never mind.
SO ANYWAY:

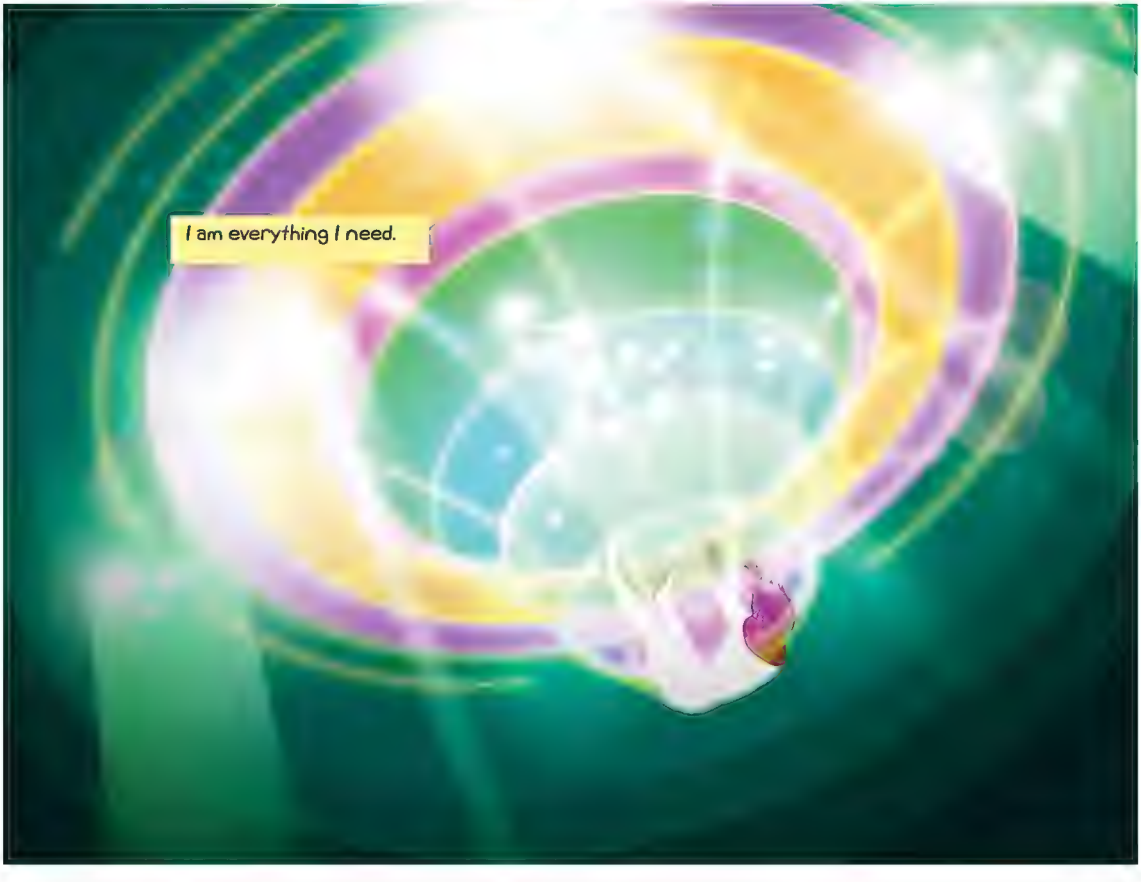
Ten thousand fireflies in my chest explode.
The air goes crisp and sharp.
It feels like my *head* is going to sleep.
Instead of muddy-dark river water racing up at me, the world explodes with color.
I don't need sex.
I just need *this*.

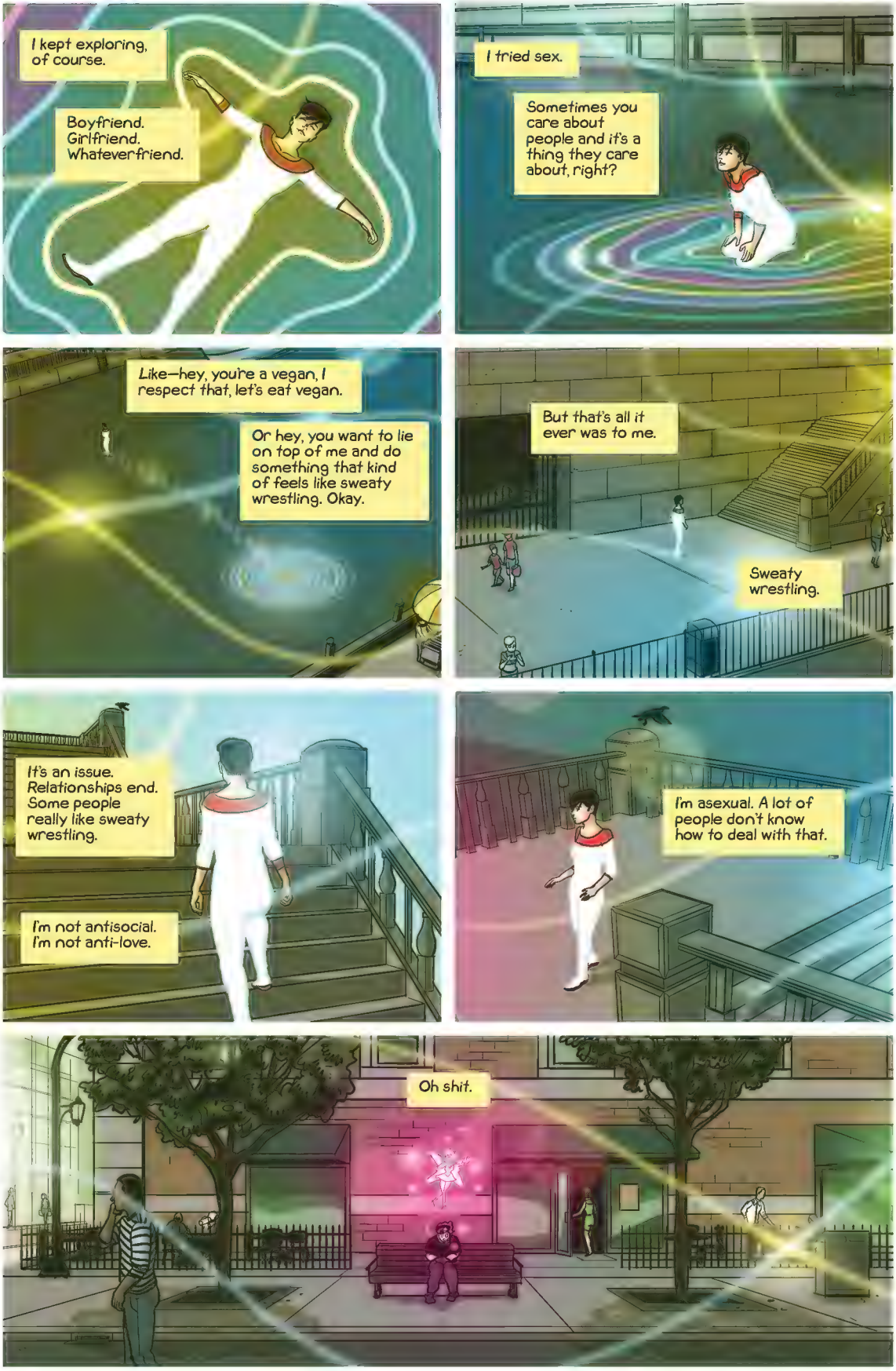

I'm going to need this always and forever.
I'm going to *be* this always and forever.

Building.
Antenna.
Span.
Earth.
BASE jumping.

Most people, they do it with a kind of a rig, like a parachute, or a sail, or a kind of...
Like a flying wing-suit sort-of deal.
Makes you look like a sugar glider and it really fucks up my tailoring.

Don't need it anyway.

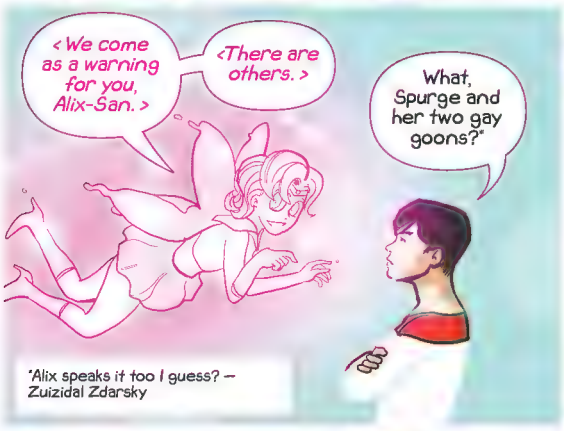

I am everything I need.


I kept exploring, of course.
Boyfriend. Girlfriend. Whateverfriend.
I tried sex.
Sometimes you care about people and it's a thing they care about, right?
Like—hey, you're a vegan, I respect that, let's eat vegan.
Or hey, you want to lie on top of me and do something that kind of feels like sweaty wrestling. Okay.
But that's all it ever was to me.
Sweaty wrestling.
It's an issue. Relationships end. Some people really like sweaty wrestling.
I'm not antisocial. I'm not anti-love.
I'm asexual. A lot of people don't know how to deal with that.
Oh shit.

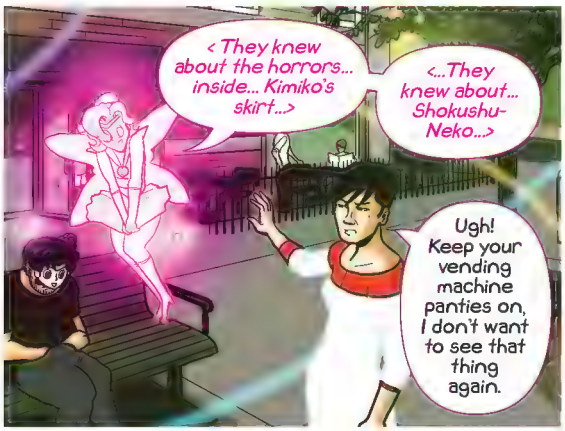
HEY!
We had a DEAL!

I don't mess with you and you don't mess with me.
And yet here we are.

" tee hee "
< We have not come to upset you, Alix-san.>"
"Some weird kind of cum-angel talk I guess! — Zdufferin' Zdarsky


< We come as a warning for you, Alix-San. >
<There are others. >
What, Spurge and her two gay goons?"
"Alix speaks it too I guess? — Zuizidal Zdarsky

< No, Alix-San.>
< Others.>
< And they knew about Kimiko.>


< They knew about the horrors... inside... Kimiko's skirt...>
<...They knew about... Shokushu-Neko...>
Ugh! Keep your vending machine panties on, I don't want to see that thing again.

< What does Alix-san suggest we do? >
Figure out who they are.
Put our boots on their necks.
< And then? >

Then we step down hard.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TIPS ON HOW TO FIX POLYBAG MACHINES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED. ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

AHOI HOI BRIMPERS what's going on with you oh you broke another polybag machine too and it fucked with the distribution of YOUR XXX cover TOO so you've been responsible for TWO polybag machines living and dying and have probably paid for a third to get built? What a crazy FUCKING COINCIDENCE COMICS WHAT A CRAZY WORLD AM I RIGHT.

Ready to open up those craaaaazy hilarious SEXCRIMZ letters and get our laff on?

Well fuck you, my dad died.

Just kidding, here we go!

(Not about my dad dying, about not opening the letters. We're doing letters. And yes he totally died. These are gonna be HILARIOUS.)

Oh god here we go. -CZ

•

So I'm completely in LOVE with your comic and everything it stands for. Sex Criminals is the first comic I was introduced to. I'm 31 years old. Went to art school and never once touched one (even though I lived with a roommate who had a collection that looked something like the storage room from Indiana Jones). My now fiance was the one to introduce me to them. (hes standing naked flopping around trying to get me to shower with him as I type this) He gave me the first 5 issues and it has opened my world to your medium for storytelling. THANK YOU THANK YOU THANK YOU for being honest and forward with everything. The whole birth control thing to me was HUGE. It was so spot on. I can't take BC with hormones- it gives me the most miserable migraines. I've had exes claim I was faking the headaches for attention. I've passed that issue around to other friends to show them all the other options (I ended up with an IUD) So, way to educate (insert thumbs up emoji here) in the most fun beautiful way. I was just reading the letters in issue 11- about with normal and how there is no normal. You guys should write/illustrate a book for kids. There is one out called "It's perfectly normal" but with your touch and humor- I think it would make the world a better place. I think children should be educated younger so maybe soooooo many people won't feel weird for what gets them going. And thanks to everyone for writing in and making the letters part so amazing.

The soon to be Mrs. Ray

•

When I first read this, I somehow had forgotten the "first comic I was introduced to" bit by the time I got to "Went to art school and never once touched one," so I for whatever reason (guess) thought you were talking about dicks? And then I thought, no, wait, Indiana Jones, maybe she means sex toys? And then I was imagining Indy going for that weird gold idol, only instead of a weird gold idol it's a giant butt-plug? Anyway thanks for reading and writing in, sorry I thought you were talking about dicks, and the BEST THING about writing this book (only it's the worst thing) is when my children's teachers say to my wife and me "I Googled you!" and then they look at me with tremendous, tremendous disappointment.

Chum, a comic can be a sex toy ... for the brain. Oh, I'm sorry, did I just blow your mind? (arms crossed, smug smirk, as everyone leaves me again) -CZ

•

Let's talk about the importance of being left alone to jerk off. By the time I was a teen, we had actual broadband internet, so the world was my pornographic oyster. It may not have been as glamorous as finding porn in the woods, but we had an office with a door that locked and no one was home for a couple hours after I got home from school, so I looked at A LOT of porn. Duh.

Eventually, I started looking at gay porn too. I thought I was just bored with straight porn and looking for something novel. I mean, that's how it was when I discovered hentai, why would gay porn be any different? I was good at hiding my evidence, so I was pretty much left alone and didn't think about it. It took me like 4 years of this to realize I was bisexual. I'm kind of glad it did because that means it was just me and the internet left alone to figure out my sexuality, and one day things just...clicked! Thanks porn!

Also on an episode of Kate Leth's Less Than Live podcast, Chip made a joke about him liking cats and dogs because he's bisexual. That's absolutely none of my business and I don't expect a response, but I was just curious if that was true. Again, none of my business, but it'd be cool if true!

:* :* :* <3 U,

Dan

•

I wonder sometimes what it means for the future of our psychosexual geography and politic when teenagers can feel bored with straight porn. Like -- that's hitting a saturation point pretty early on.

I read that VICE interview with the porn star that does "pink sock" scenes (if you don't know, maybe don't Google that one) which she described as smelling "like meat." And I thought -- well, fuck, that's like an inch away from jerking off to cenobites and shit. Not to judge, if that's your thing, my point is it's -- y'know, that's pretty extreme.

My point is, surely the final frontier in straight porn is... gay porn. Right? Or at least bi-porn?

ASEX TIP *Looking to spice things up in the bedroom? Try sleeping on sheets lightly sprinkled with rosemary, coriander, and a dash of cayenne pepper flakes.*

If people are even getting been-there-spanked-that to pink socks and shit (serious don't Google it), surely the next logical step, instead of two dudes so violently sodomizing a woman that she prolapses, those two dudes will sorta slowly turn to one another and... and like, doink peens?

Soon gay male sex will be the only sex left for straight porn.

And it's true! Chip really does like cats and dogs.

I don't even want to attempt to define my sexuality because it is a beautiful, flowery vine that has ensconced my Victorian house and it fills me with delight even though everyone who knows better is telling me that it's destroying my home and I should call someone in to examine it before it spreads to my neighbours. -CZ

•

...Over the past few issues, in the letter pages I have been extremely ecstatic to read letters from other individuals who identify along the asexual spectrum. A lot of people cannot seem to grasp that asexuals can be perverted and enjoy masturbating. Hell it can be one hell of a stress reliever.
A lot of my friends refuse to believe i am asexual or "grey romantic" because of my perverted humor and my uncanny ability to write sexual poetry or stories without trying. Another recent friend marveled that my inbox is filled with random nudes from women, that were sent without solicitation. Shocked that i am not using it to my advantage, but at the end of the day all i want is to be alone. it is extremely rare (rarer than my use of capital letters) that i find a woman attractive in person. I can recognize beauty but mountains are beautiful and you don't see me trying to titty fuck the tetons do you? hell last week was the first time in i think close to a year that i met some one that made my heart skip a beat.
So I love seeing letters in here from other pervs like me, who enjoy humor, and perversions without being part of the breeding world. It makes me feel, well "normal"

Ekim H.

I'm psyched that we finally got Alix into these pages and have an Asex Criminal in the mix now. I don't know that we can represent every point on the manifold that is human sexuality in our book, but I really wanted to get an Asexual here. Also, I don't think your inbox is filled with random nudes from women that were sent without solicitation, I think that's called "porn spam" and everybody gets it, like Chicken Pox or a Social Security card.

Matt when are we going to put a chipsexual in the book my vines need the light of day on them. -CZ

•

Hi guys. I was reading the letters for #11 and was tempted to write by the letter from Steven S. and your reply to him. Then I read the letters from autumn and Elvina and all the others and I just had to.

I love the reply to Steven comparing sexuality to a Cartesian continuum, and I am sure many of my fellow sexually enlightened readers know a bit about Dr. Kinsey's research indicating a sexual continuum or may have at least watched or heard of the Liam Neeson movie that tried to dramatize it. But a one- or even two-dimensional continuum is just not enough to encompass the wonder of the human sexual experience, is it? Kudos to autumn y. for sharing the experience of being a sexual asexual!

That is why I am sharing the research of Frederick Peterson Jr. (and friends). He thought a cube was a better fit, measuring sexual identity on by sexual orientation, gender orientation, and gender role orientation. It is hard to wrap your head around at first, but this cube has 36 distinct identities (and the gray areas between). Most of us are not on corners (such as "Heterosexual, Masculine, Male" or "Bisexual, Androgynous, Transgender"), but are somewhere in between. That's why the acronym gets longer and longer, but LGBTQIQA or one you like encompasses a lot more of us than heteronormative, self-repressed society would like to admit. My new friend autumn is a beautiful expression of that, and Elvina's story also shows that even someone who may (or may not) have boxed herself with the label "heterosexual" may find love and sweet lovin in many places.

I wish his research was easier to find outside of academic journals. One day I will write a book for the lay-folk about all this stuff to piss my father-in-law off.

Keep up the good work and stay affirmative of our fellow human beings. Just wanted to geek out a bit.

Mark F.

I think it's like being a cork inside of a jellyfish.

That's where I identify on the LGBTQIQACIORJ spectrum. CIOAJ.

I think it's like chaotic vines destroying my home and ruining my retirement investment. -CZ

•

I picked up the Big Hard Sex Criminals trade on a whim and absolutely loved it. I connect with Jon more than I've connected with a character in a comic (aside from breaking into porn shops and jerkin it in public) and on top of that, you do it all hilariously. I hope you all make enough money to print physical copies of the ASSKIRA poster from issue 11 because it

ASEX TIP *Want to blow her mind in the bedroom? Rearrange all her stuff, then pretend you have no idea what she's talking about.*

---

combines two of my favorite things, booty and anime.

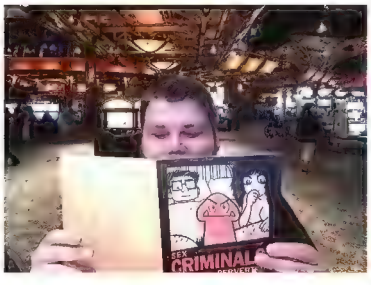
- Brandon V

Every issue that comes out, Chip and I furiously write back and forth to one another about all the dumb merch we should make based on the issue. Because Chip is forever filling in the background with jokes only he sees. Example: in this issue, all of the teas are different in the chalkboard of the coffee shop than they were the last time we had a scene in the coffee shop.

Look, all I'm saying is, who WOULDN'T buy Sex Criminals teabags? -CZ

•

I took a gamble on reading Sex Criminals #11 in public.
A.J. Sanders



Hey you are in a casino I see what you did there WAIT A SECOND WHO TOOK THE PICTURE DID YOUR DIC PIC YOU IS THIS A PICDIC

Matt won't let me start a fund to get readers out of jail when they're arrested for shit like this. Sorry, but what's wrong with a SEX CRIMINALS LEGAL DEFENCE FUND? -CZ

•

...I was originally going to tell you a story from my sordid past, but most of my stories are way too sad (lost my virginity to a woman who drunkenly mocked me during the entire experience), complex (slept with a woman 15 years my senior in a campus otherwise occupied solely by teenagers), or rather tame (became sexually awakened by scans of a "Superboy" comic in which the entire town of Smallville fattens up overnight and the hero has to save Lana Lang from getting her derriere trapped in a phone booth).

Instead, I want to ask some advice, since - apparently? - you do that as well, I think. For the past 4-5 years I have been in a private online relationship with a woman one year my junior, in Massachusetts. It's gone through various phases, been turned on and off, and is now in a kind of state I'd call "Mutually Assured Attraction". We're comfortable with being friends. We're both sexually attracted to one another. We make note of this in a joking way when writing, with the knowledge that were we around each other in person we'd ravish one another's bodies until one or both expired from dehydration.

The snag in all of this is that it carries the implication that sooner or later one of us will do something about it. I've been in that situation before - the physical culmination of a long-distance deal - and it was profoundly disillusioning for all concerned. But in knowing this woman for that long, I am intimately aware that she is not someone with whom I could have a successful romantic relationship. There are just way too many factors in play for it to work, not least that we've known each other this long. I suppose what I'd really prefer is if our friendship simmered down into one which was tame and had no implied meanings, whether overt or blatant. But I have no idea how to let her know that, without hurting her again. She seems so intent on us somehow working out as a couple, I don't know if she'd even believe me....

You two are sterling visionaries and I wish you nothing but the best in your continued endeavours. Also Kaptara rocks, and I'm recommending it to my sister who has no idea what a "He-Man" is but enjoys comics and Danny Pudi. Incidentally, I feel like Keith would be well-played by Danny Pudi, if he ever had the opportunity! Who can say.

Best of Regards,

Fred S.

Wow I think I sexually awoke when you described that SUPERBOY comic [got a "boner"].

And re: your pal... well. I am of two minds. I got married out of a long-distance relationship that seemed rife with hurdles and impossibilities. So you will never, ever, convince me that distance and inconvenience are deal-breakers. That's not... that might not wholly be what you're suggesting, and that brings me to point two --

If you're "intimately aware" this isn't going to happen because of who she is, and not where she is, I think you gotta walk the straight (YAWN) and boring path and have The Talk, upfront and honest and without equivocation. Every day you toy around with her is another day it gets worse. You just gotta do it, man. You'd want her to do the same, were things reversed.

Also what is a KAPTARA.

wait you can meet people online -CZ

•

I got one of your covers and liked it so much that it's now memorialized next to my balls. Thanks Chip!

Eric C.

ASEX TIP *Gently slide your finger in their mouth and say, "I touched many things today and now they're all in your mouth."*

ASEX TIP *Netflix and chill.*

Holy. Fucking. Dildos.

Very uncomfortable with those stunned gentlemen pointing their nubs at those tumbling boy silhouettes. -CZ

•

First off, let me start by saying I'm a huge Sex Criminals fan. I love it so much and I look forward to it. Second, as a gay dude who has a massive crush on Jon, I was happy to read about his sexual encounter with George. But then, his sexuality was never addressed, so I was wondering if he's bisexual? I really hope so, since we're in need of more bisexual characters in the world, most writers go with 'experimenting' or 'I don't like labels' rather than using the word bisexual. Also, if he is indeed bisexual, is there any chance of Jon get it on with another dude anytime soon? I really hope so, anyway, love your work!

Guilherme A.

I think Jon would categorize himself as bisexual. There were more men than George. I don't know if we'll get to all of them. I guess I thought including George in his list addressed his sexuality.

Yes; Jon's bi. He won't get it on with another dude anytime soon (at least in the "present" of the story) because CRIMZ is the Jon-and-Suzie love story.

We'll one day get back to Jon in that red room.

•

...(T)his comic run was one of the first comics I bought as an adult after growing up with my mom telling me that comics were literally EVIL. And man, I never believed her until I saw that cum 'angel'. I can't believe you described it as an ANGEL, it's still pretty fucking beautiful. Terrifying, but beautiful, kind of like Chip.

Looking forwards to more giant dildos,

Li D.

Wow, can we send her a copy of BIG HARD SEX CRIMINALS?

No, no, "Spawn." -CZ

•

The answer is simple! The woods. If I have learned anything from you over the past 12 issues, it is that The woods has always been the place to dispose of shameful or embarrassing material. #SexCriminalsInWoods

Brandon S.

This would be like paying it forward. Get a gallon-sized freezer bag (or a quart or what even IS volume I don't know), put your BRIMBOZ in it (HOT SCENE REPORT: SEX CRIMINALS IS NOW #BRIMBOZ ON YOUR SOCIAL) and leave it in the woods for some little jerk-off to find one day.

I was in a woods not long ago going somewhere doing something I don't remember what

ASEX TIP A boss in the streets and a sleepy boss in the sheets.

---

or why now but I saw flecks of paper some 30 yards away and was like, yep, still got it.

•

With that unpleasantness out of the way I did want to express my appreciation for the bullshit weeaboo nonsense Chipper sneaked into the background in #11 and #12. As a true weeb myself I fully appreciate BROBLE SUIT CUMDAM and would love to see more of it. Tentacle-porn-Sailor-Moon-Jizz-Patronus is officially a cosplay-in-progress. My coworkers know a new sexcrimz is out if I'm screeching in my office in the middle of the day on a Wednesday and boy howdy did you deliver.
Also: requesting more clit boops. Thanks in advance.

Carrie W.

I only understood like 2/3rds of this letter.

Don't worry, chum, I got the other 1/3. -CZ

•

I've never written to a comic before, but this story in the letters section about sex crims 11 was just too much to pass up. Let alone that this is one of the most creative comics out there, it's drama and comedy to perfection, and somehow you've perfected the balance between gratuitous penises/boobs/sex fluids and a sophisticated rom drama that could be a fancy HBO show. I used to be embarrassed for reading a peen filled comic in public, but now I feel like everybody else is weird for NOT having a copy in their hand. You guys rock - and your commitment to hilarity with the issue 11 saga is second to none in my eyes. Very well done and keep up the great storytelling. If I could ask one sincere question before I go:

If I can see you guys at a con, can you sign a $1000 bill with a dick face president in the center on a sketch cover? I will very much cherish it and look forward to explaining this to my wife.

Ok to print :)

Thanks,

Garen

Well, Garen, just think, under every codpiece and outer-underpants'd hero-man is a peen aching to break free.

And if you see us at a con we will literally sign almost anything you bring us assuming we in some way had something to do with it. Well, I will, Chip is kind of an asshole these days.

These days I ONLY sign immunity deals from the feds and old copies of CRYSTAR: CRYSTAL WARRIOR. -CZ

•

Your explanation in the letters page of issue 12 about why issue 11 kept getting delayed made me laugh so much I think I forgive you. Although I can't help feeling that my digital download was never going to be polybagged with a sketch cover including Batman's balls ("Holy Batman's balls!").

Btw, was Suzie's use of "vagenticles" a reference to Futurama's Beast of a Billion Backs?

Also, this was the first time I've come across the phrase "dong forest" while eating my dinner (sausages!).

Chris C.

No, "vagenticles" was related to your "dinner" of "sausages."

•

... I wanted to submit something, but I wasn't sure what... Then I saw Juliette's letter about Shrek. I don't want to start a "Shrekfessions" column in the letters page (like Animorphs), but... my wife confessed to me that she always seemed to have sex when watching Shrek. This was y'know, when we were dating, before we got engaged or married. I teased her about it, we talked about Shrek and how I never had seen the sequels. So, y'know sometime later, Shrek is on TV, and we're watching it and the next thing I know we're going at it and not watching Shrek. Funny coincidence, right?

Well, a few months later she decides it's time for me to watch the sequel, so, we're watching Shrek 2. We started fooling around a bit, because we apparently just can't keep our hands off each other long enough to watch a movie. But, I conjured up all my willpower and had to put a stop to this. I knew that if we didn't watch Shrek 2, that we'd never get around to it. So, we finished Shrek 2 while horny (it was alright, I mean, the movie, being horny during it was just... y'know, awkward) and then went at it immediately afterwards. We never did get around to Shrek 3... it's sort of became a running gag though that we'd get around to it someday. We also managed to keep our pants on during the 3D movie/ride thing in Universal Studios (where we had our Honeymoon), so that was a plus.

I guess the moral of the story here is, like the Animorphs crowd there's now a whole subset of brimpers who have had sexual experiences during Shrek films. I finally feel like I have done my part in giving back to this wonderful community. Thank you Juliette for giving me the motivational spark to write in.

- Link

Hey if you haven't tried anal yet and want to see if she'd be into it, ask her if she ever saw the Shrek

ASEX TIP *Take a long, romantic getaway to literally anywhere you'd like to go I guess? Delaware?*

Halloween specials and say they were "back door pilots" for a Shrek TV show and see if she catches your "drift."

Um, I like where ALL of this is going. What's the most inappropriate movie you've intended to watch where you just ended up having sex while it played?

I'll go first. True story: it was HATED, the documentary about GG Allin. Don't know who he is? Go Bing him. I'll be here waiting for you to return with curious disgust in your eyes! -CZ

•

It would be an honor to have an email printed in my favorite comic book, but I wouldn't blame you if you don't.

Kyle A

We are kinda assholes, Kyle, sorry.

This letter was supposed to go to mrbatman@dccomicsWB.net -CZ

•

What sort of description or request did you make to the artists of the XXX covers? I feel I need to know how complicit they were in coming up with them.

Pete B

"Make it as dirty as possible" was about the sum total of it. They are 100% responsible for their own filth.

Good job Matt now you and I definitely won't get arrested. -CZ

•

Going into the new arc with issue 11, I was a little bummed that you took away time from Jon and Suzie's on story to check in on Robert Rainbow and Rachelle's new relationship since neither seemed as interesting as the two leads. However, I want to thank you for proving me wrong and taking the time to examine a different sort of sexual anxiety, anxiety stemming from relative inexperience between couples.

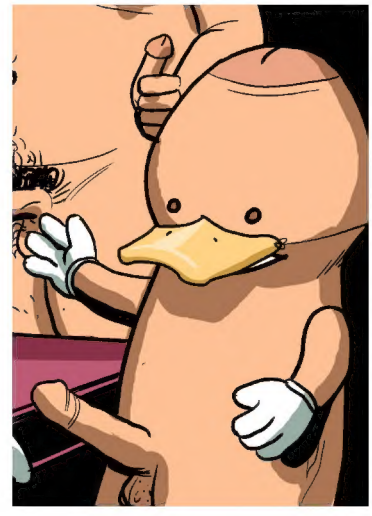
I'm a twenty-five year old guy who's been fortunate enough to have sexual relationships with a few amazing women (5 last time I counted). However, in most of these relationships I've always felt like the more vanilla of the two. Part of that comes from lingering sex-related shame as a result of a Catholic upbringing inhibiting my more adventurous sexual impulses. Mostly though, it stems from insecurity that I'd be judged for my kinks. It's something I'm workng through, and the aformentioned women have been super thoughtful and trusting in letting me explore new sexual territory. It's not clear yet where Robert and Rachelle's arc is headed, but I definitely feel for the guy, and hope he's able to trust Rachelle enough to communicate with her about his sexual anxiety (assuming that that's what it is).

I love Sex Criminals. Every issue makes me braver to talk more confidently about sex in an open way that's less rife with insecurity. Thank you for that, and thank you Chip for the anthropomorphic dick. I'm hoping he gets a spin off of his own, or at least an appearance in Howard the Duck.

André H.

One of the things we want to do with the book as it goes on is build a place where we can just, like, veer off the Jon-and-Suzie path for a minute and see other people, as it were. So much about what we loved doing in those first few issues was exploring the first times; finding a format like this (this issue is a perfect example) will give us a chance to do that more. I'm sure some people just want Jon and Suzie and I get it but... well, I guess I don't care? I mean, I care and I'm grateful, but no?

Anyway. Thanks for sticking with it. I hope we didn't lose you THIS month.



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SEE YOU NEXT TIME BYE. -CZ

NEXT ISSUE!
FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT!

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